South Carolina's Newsweekly

OSCEOLA

June 15, 1978 24 Pages

EICHEL, HENRY
ROOM 704 CHARLCTTE OBS. BUREA
COLUMBIA SC 29201

OTTON DUST KILLS.

Cotton dust cop-out

The failure of conserva-liberal politics

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Who is going to be expected to tighten their belts in this new war on inflation? The weakest segments of society or the powerful? Take a guess; the answer won't be surprising. The cotton dust controversy exemplifies the kind of anti-inflation moves we can expect.

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Why not a Proposition 13 here? The General Assembly wouldn't permit that much grassroots democracy, that's why. Also John Jenrette plays quid pro quo and Jack Lindsay covers his bases in the ERA dispute with a neat referendum ploy.

John Jenrette

NYC can drop dead

Carter's Cop-Out? ... P. 5
This week's cover story concerns the politics behind the delay in issuing new cotton dust standards. The fiscal conservatives in the administration appear to have weakened the committment to industrial health, and this raises questions we should be asking here in South Carolina.

Terrifying Visions ... P. 8
A bizarre trip through the Capitol City yields terrifying insights into its true heart. The Culture Junkie tours our streets on the way the THE MALL and reports his findings.

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Jazz and Country ... P. 13
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Speaking Out ... P. 15
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Opinion

Commentary on politics

BY VAL STIEGLITZ

Kicking the weakest

I was talking the other day to a man heavily involved in the fight against brown lung disease. I was expositing on my theory - for - the - year that all this talk about fiscal conservatism and social liberalism is bunk; that in real life you have to make choices, you have to come down on one side of the fence and opt for the status quo or some kind of change. As readers of this column will recall, I have often inveighed against the semantical marriage of the two as the latest means of duping the public.

Well, the gentleman disagreed with me. It's not that you can't combine fiscal conservatism with social liberalism, he said. The question is who you want to bear the brunt of your fiscal restraint; the rich, the poor or the middle class. Carter economics is asking the weakest members of our society to do the belt-tighteningwanted to turn his eyes toward the waste and mismanagement perpetrated by the powerful, he could find fat aplenty to trim.

This got me to thinking. There is an incredible amount of waste in government; only a person who has spent the last ten years in a drug-induced stupor or working for the federal government would deny this. The proposition that the waste could and should be cut is not inherently reactionary.

What does give this concern with waste a conservative taint, though, is the suggestion that all governmental activity should undergo some fiscal litmus test and prove its economic viability. There is, simply put, no way to assess the economic cost of the pursuit of justice, which is the fundamental rationale for the existence of government. When it is suggested that all governmental activity must meet standards of fiscal integrity common to the private sector, what is really being said is that government will promote no change in social relations. This means the perpetuation of the status quo.

Only in rare flights of rhetoric do inflation - hunters claim that the sole criterion in setting policy should be the preservation of a balanced checkbook; for a very good reason. Most people who ride the horse of inflation don't mind taking care of the powerful via government money. It's just the weaker segments of our society they expect to eat cake. Witness a string of government bail-outs of private corporations: Penn-Central, Lockheed and, implicitly through protectionism, the textile industry. Or look at the vast subsidies granted American farmers. Would anyone truly concerned with fiscal rectitude deny that these have had inflationary impacts on the economy?

So it does seem that the key point is who you expect to suffer for your fiscal toughness. It has become very macho to talk about biting the bullet. Carter did it when he ran for President. Strom Thurmond does it. Now Pug Ravenel is doing it. Sure, there's waste in government. Sure, economic policy could be refined to squeeze out irrational and inflationary elements. But who's going to bite that bullet? That's what I want to know. That's why the basic social philosophy of those running for office is so important: when it comes down to choosing

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Cheap Shots

It won't happen here; the legislature won't let it

If public employees were shivering at city hall last Wednesday, it wasn't because the air conditioner malfunctioned. The passage of Proposition 13 in California June 6 was enough to chill most government officials.

Popularly known as the Jarvis-Gann amendment, it cut property taxes 57 per cent and limited them to 1 per cent of the market value of the property as the fiscal year 1975-76. California officials and some businessmen, predicted major problems for local governments if it was approved. Needless to say, that didn't stop the voters.

The question being asked in South Caolina, and in the states which stretch all the way back to California, is "can it happen here?"

The quick answer is "no." South Carolina is troubled more by a lack of money for schools, and other local services, than by too much frivolous spending. Another reason is that property values haven't risen as rapidly here as they have in other parts of the country. Some California residents have found themselves paying taxes on houses with a market value far beyond what they could afford.

On the other hand, some strong arguments can be made that South Carolina is ripe for its own Proposition 13. Residents of this state generally do not pay much in taxes. However, some cities have high local tax rates. According to a recent study prepared by Clemson University for a special legislative study committee on alternatives for financing municipal and county government, Greenville residents paid 7.92 per cent of their incomes in property taxes in 1975 and Charleston residents paid 7.12 per cent. "The total tax effort being exerted by taxpayers in these cities (Greenville and Charleston) can reasonably be assumed to be equal to, or greater than, that being put forth by taxpayers in most of the large cities of the country," the report says. Both cities are large enough that a tax revolt in either could have repercussions throughout the state.

Tax reform is a popular issue. Even voters with a sentimental attachment to schools and libraries and fire and police departments don't particularly enjoy paying taxes.

Ironically, the thing which will keep South Carolina from its own version of Proposition 13 is the much-maligned establishment in the legislature. The state has no initiative, no method which would enable voters to put a constitutional amendment on the ballot. The only way the constitution can be changed is if the amendment is approved by two-thirds vote of each house and then by the voters. After all that, it still has to go back to the general assembly for final ratification. It seems highly unlikely that the august leaders of the Senate and the House would permit this kind of radical tax reform. Even California legislators weren't overly concerned about any kind of relief for the taxpayers until it became apparent the Jarvis-Gann amendement would be placed on a ballot.

There are a few other possibilities. The constitution could be amended to permit initiative and referendum. The general assemble could pass a law permitting the people to vote on property taxes. There is even a provision of the Home Rule Act which permits repeal of ordinances by referendum. However, there is a question about whether this would apply to tax laws.

So don't worry, South Carolina public employees. Your stay at the public trough is safe. The General Assemble would never permit either state or local taxes to be slashed significantly, and the state's taxpayers have no means of introducing such a reform to the voters.

In a commentary on Proposition 13 last week columnist George will distinguish between the people's disposal of power to elected representatives, and the actual exercise of power by the people.

In California the referendum allows people to reclaim parts of the power they've given to their officials and actually use it. No such problem in this state; the power which has been vested in the legislature can't be taken back. They've got it for good.

Lindsay covers his bases

It's called covering your bases. Sen. Jack Lindsay is playing it with the ERA issue in an effort to take some heat off his back.

Lindsay has consistently voted against the ERA. He has also been lobbied hard by proponents and opponents when it has come up in the General Assembly.

Now he is pushing, successfully, for a referendum on the issue to be put on the November general election ballot in his home county of Marlboro. He has pledged to vote in the senate the way his constituents vote in the referendum. In other words,

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Val H. Stieglitz
Editor

Nancy M. Higgins
Staff Writer

Tom Bryan
Adv. Manager

John Marion
Theatre Editor

Leslie Blachman
Contributing Editor for Dance

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Cheap Shots

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he's trying to take himself out of the middle and let the public bear whatever onus will have to be borne by a negative vote on ERA ratification.

Political observers in Marlboro County expect the referendum will go against ratification. The "uncontrolled" precinct of East Bennettsville has already come out in favor of the ERA in its Democratic caucus this spring, but manhandled precincts like Wallace, Red Hill and McCall are expected to nix the ERA.

Lindsay can then go back to the state senate, vote against ratification - which is what he really wants to do anyway - and spread his hands in innocence when the pro-ERA people descend. It's a nifty ploy, one that he will probably take when the pro-ERA people descend. It's a nifty ploy, one that will probably take him off the hook. But before you say that Jack Lindsay's the kind of guy who really tries to represent the people's wishes, remember that his Marlboro machine can deliver a negative vote, and will in November just as the county convention did a few months back.

Jenrette's quid pro quo

Sometimes politics isn't so subtle after all. Sixth District Congressman John Jenrette, at any rate, made the quid pro quo up front when it came to support for ailing New York City.

Jenrette was unhappy with the reception that flexible parity farm bill got in Congress and the Carter administration. So, he simply tied support for New York to administration support of farm legislation. If Carter didn't come through on parity, he said, he wouldn't come through on a New York bail-out.

Well, there's no parity bill now and hearings on aid to New York just recently concluded. Jenrette spokesmen in Washington say he will definitely oppose aid to the Big Apple. "He's willing to let New York City go," an aide agreed.

Jenrette also threatens to "place in jeopardy" other items in the President's legislative agenda; things like energy, labor law reform and airline deregulation.

Carter didn't come through with the quid, so Jenrette won't come through with the quo, it seems.

Eating

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cash-register was replaced by an old-fashioned crank model (HOoray!). Then a commercial item: mirrors embosses with early Coca-Cola ads. And a few weeks later, a brown barrel brim-filled with oranges. Then a Tiffany lamp, and an old-fashioned overhead fly fan. And just lately, a brass coat rack. All these furnishings are just evidence that the owner cares about the place she owns and works in.

Since I seem to be billing Wendy Ethel's as a sort of museum (the new line of sandwiches, I hear, are pretty good: there's a really heavy hamburger which Wendy claims is worth the buck-ninety-five; the drinks are as reasonably priced as they can be these days, and Wendy's is one of the few decent places to get a drink down-town; and they're trying out a continental breakfast) I should mention an object over which Wendy apparently has no control.

It's one of those revolving ceiling clocks you often find in bars, courtesy of the beer company. It's a gaudy ornamental thing, a big orb best compared to a deep-sea divers helmet. It's flat on four sides, one of which tells the time. The other three sides show an Ipanima-smiling young woman in the service of Schlitz beer. It rotates slowly, about two turns to a minute so that one gets three commercial reminders for every notice of the time. It never occured to me until the other day what diabolic devices of seduction these clocks are. The responsible heavy drinker, drunk but not yet delirious, looks groggily, heriocally, for the time. And the revolving orb hypnotizes, sadistically traces, and has three pretty ladies cooing "Just one more for the road".

Heard & Noted

The ugly head of race

If Jim Clyburn doesn't win his race for Secretary of State on the first ballot, say political observers, he won't win it at all. The politics of race will rear its ugly head and doom his chances.

Supporters of Henry Jolly and John Campbell, both white, will band together behind which ever Clyburn faces in a run-off in an effort to preserve white rule in the Palmetto State.

We'll see how much South Carolina has really changed.

Pug's percentage

Look for Pug to have trouble raising money if he doesn't garner over 60 percent of the vote Tuesday. He'll need that much to establish himself as a credible challenger for Thurmond in November.

A preposterous claim

Tom Linton, co-director of the Legislative Council, has some strong ideas about public information. He says an "attorney-client relationship" exists between legislators and the council; an arrangement which prevents him from revealing what projects they're working on, and for whom.

The council is the research arm of the General Assembly and helps legislators prepare bills and amendments. Linton doesn't think the public should be able to find out what they're working on. For example, Osceola has learned that three legislators have requested information on the California tax referendum, but Linton won't say who they are. "You people are writing about ethics all the time, he says. "That's part of our ethics. We don't care whether you see our reason or not."

Now, Linton may have a distaste for dealing with the people who pay his salary, but that can't excuse his cavalier attitude toward sharing information with them.

There are some legitimate arguments for protecting some of the council's work — secrecy prevents blocs from organizing in advance against bills which are being prepared — but Linton's "attorney-client" line is preposterous. The public is signing Linton's paycheck, and he's their client. He should pay more attention to finding ways to protect the essential and provide public access to what isn't, than guarding his turf like a street mutt, and under an untenable argument at that.

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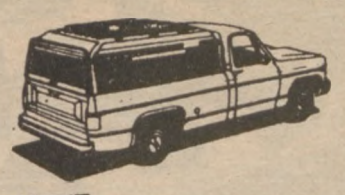

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The Governor's Highway Safety Program

Statewide

Cotton dust cop-out

The failure of conserva-liberal politics

"My priority legislation would be a two-year moratorium on any new federal legislation or regulations which would have the effect of raising net costs."

Pug Ravenel
USC debate, May 30, 1978

"While I breathe, I hope."

S.C. state motto

"...byssinosis is a thing thought up by venal doctors who attended last year's ILO meetins in Africa, where inferior races are bound to be afflicted by new diseases more superior people defeated years ago."

The Textile Reporter
July 10, 1969

by Val Stieglitz

On May 25, 1978, the Carter administration demonstrated the unreality of the semantical marriage of fiscal conservatism and social liberalism; a political line preached by the President in his 1976 campaign and espoused now in South Carolina by Senatorial hopeful Pug Ravenel. The issue which revealed the ultimate fallacy of the position was one that strikes close to home; brown lund disease and the cotton dust which causes it.

At the end of May, it appeared that the administration had come down in favor of a tight financial belt - buying the textile industry's claims that new cotton dust regulations would prove too costly - over protection of some 800,000 workers. It was a classic case of conflict between social welfare concerns and financial concerns, the kind "new liberals" are saying can be bridged.

By the first week in June, Carter had indicated he would push ahead with strong new worker protection laws. The political heat from organized labor had been intense when a retrenchment had seemed imminant. By a press conference was scheduled for Wednesday, June 14 in Washington, where the new cotton dust regulations were to be outlined. Late Monday, June 12, though, word came down that the White House had changed course again and the press briefing was cancelled. Chaos did not even reign; merely limbo.

Let's review the situation briefly. Even the textile industry, after years of truculent rejections, no longer denies a link between cotton dust and byssinosis, brown lung disease. This link has been most conclusively established by Dr. A. Bouhuys of Yale University, in a 1973 study of cotton mill workers in Columbia, S.C. The conclusions, appearing in a 1977 issue of *Lung*, revealed that "cotton and other textile workers are at risk of acute as well as chronic respitory symptoms and lung function loss."

The industry's study - called the "one-percent study" - purported to show that only one per cent of all textile workers suffered brown lung symptoms. The American Textile Manufacturers Institute (ATMI) has regularly cited this study to counter claims that vast numbers of workers have the disease. The strange thing is, though, that this study cannot be found. Federal Occupational Health and Safety administrator Walter Gawlack said last month that, after repeated requests for a copy of the study, the ATMI has sent him only fragments, and no hard data. Gawlack said he thought the industry study was "manufactured," a charge ATMI's Sandler Love denies. He says the study consisted of compilations of company medical records. "We got the figures from the textile companies," he said.

The plight of brown lung sufferers began to receive government attention in 1971, when the Occupational Health and Safety Administration (OSHA) was established at the federal level. (Note the distinction between health and safety, two very different concepts. Critics claim that OSHA has focused primarily on worker safety, rather than identifying and preventing diseases which are built into the workplace).

Soon thereafter, the agency targeted several industrial substances which had been linked to disease for study and eventual regulation. Cotton dust was one of the substances targeted. OSHA set about establishing permanent standards for cotton dust in textile plants, but immediately ran into high-pressure political roadblocks. In-house memos pried out of the federal Department of Labor by Freedom of Informtion suits show that the Nixon administration used the promise of delay in creating new regulations to extort campaign money from the textile industries. It worked. Over $1 million in textile

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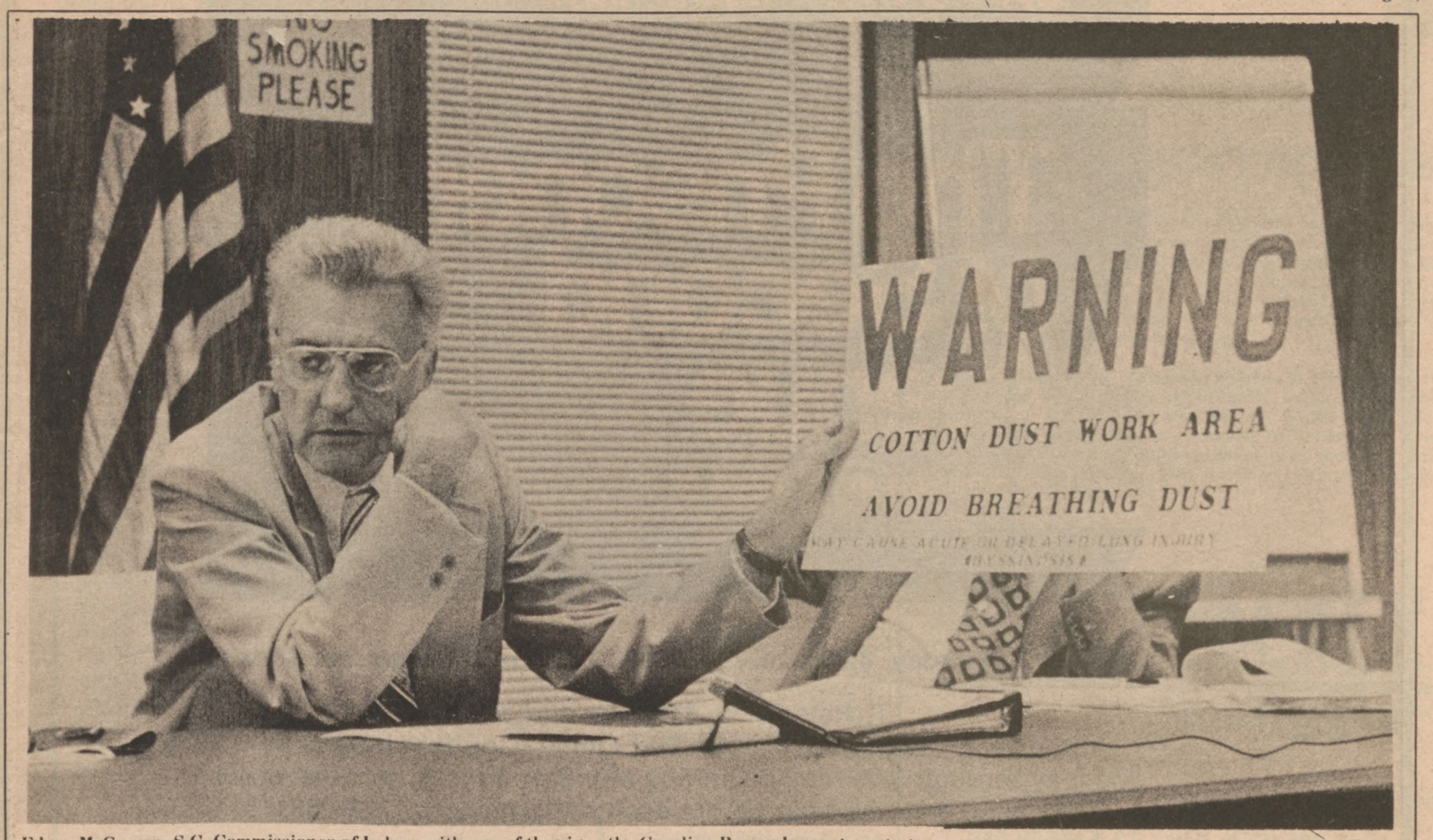

Edgar McGowan, S.C. Commissioner of Labor, with one of the signs the Carolina Brown Lung Association wanted placed in hazardous textile mill areas. The Dept. of Labor nixed the idea, saying that it might "scare" workers, and that the federal government was promulgating new standards anyway.

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Statewide

Cotton dust cop-out

The failure of conserva-liberal politics

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money was contributed to Nixon in 1972, and permanent standards on cotton dust exposure were not forthcoming. At that time, the Under-Secretary of Labor in charge of OSHA was George Guenther, a former executive with Burlington Mills. It was Guenther who suggested Nixon use the carrot of delayed regulations to coax textile money into his re-election effort.

"The anti-inflation argument dovetails with the interests of the status quo."

While federal health standards were issued for other toxics like lead and asbestos, about 160,000 mill workers in South Carolina continued breathing high levels of cotton dust. (South Carolina OSHA inspections over the last five years have found that 39 per cent of the cases showed dust levels in excess of the one million per cubic foot allowable under current, temporary federal regulations. Levels as high as 32.9 mg./cubic foot were found by a South Carolina Public Interest Research Group study released two weeks ago. Marion Hook, state OSHA Occupational Health Director, was quoted by SCPIRG as saying he'd never read studies linking cotton dust and brown lung.)

In 1975, South Carolina won provisional approval to conduct its own OSHA system. At that time, state programs were directed to operate "as effectively as" the federal program. We'll here more about this shortly.

Also in 1975, the Carolina Brown Lung Association petitioned state OSHA for placement of warning signs in high cotton dust areas. No chance, said state OSHA; permanent regulations are on their way from Washington so there's no need, plus the signs might scare workers. Well, says Brown Lung Association Executive Director Frank Blechman, scaring workers is exactly what they had in mind!

Near the end of the Ford administration, in December, 1976, OSHA restarted hearings on new dust standards. The hearings lasted 23 days last summer and the new regulations were due in December, 1977. A federal court granted OSHA a stay, till May 31, 1978, to issue the new standards and then...then two weeks ago the whole thing went into limbo.

The textile industry has raised the spectre of bankruptcy and inflation. The Research Triangle of Textile Manufacturers in North Carolina estimated in June, 1977, that it would cost $2.8 billion to get down to .2 mg./cu. foot in American mills. OSHA figures $625 for air cleaning, then $200 million per year for constant shielding against dust. The ATMI wants to use this money to "fight imports." Huge sums of money are being bandies about.

The fundamental issue, of course, is whether industry has a responsibility for the health - not just safety - of its workers. The industry, no longer denying outright any byssinosis problem, wants to police itself; in 1972, the ATMI came out in favor of respritory screening by company doctors. The Brown Lung Association just plain doesn't trust the textile companies. Dr. Bouhuys' Columbia study recounts instances of sick workers being told by company doctors that they didn't have byssinosis, to find out the truth too late. Bouhuys was denied entrance to a single plant in Georgia. What kind of credibility do company doctors have?

The Brown Lung Association wants independent monitering of worker health and plant dust, as well as worker health education. The companies are not trusted to report accurately in any of these areas.

Now, however, it looks like the heat is off the companies again. The fiscal conservatives in the Carter administration have put off the introduction of new regulations. A reprieve from Nixon might have been expected. But Carter?

Charles Schulze, head of the White House Regulatory Review Group, pulled the standards back on May 30, allegedly for a look at their inflationary impact; thus playing into the hands of those who don't want to see tougher cotton dust regulations at all. (It should be noted that no one yet knows exactly what the standards would have looked like; they never made it to the public). And this is the important point: the anti-inflation arguement dovetails with the interests of the status quo. Of course, it

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Commentary on politics

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who's going to bite it, a person's basic values come into play. Will it be the textile workers, who came very close to getting the shaft by Carter's anti-inflation brigade, or the Pentagon? Will it be migrant workers or the nuclear industry? When the choices have to be made — and quite often the choice is between spending money and keeping tight with the corporate types — the true colors of a person's heart show through.

I can buy the argument that a liberal can also be concerned with the checkbook. But I can't buy a person entering government without a clear articulation of social philosophy which tells us which side of the fence he will come down on when the bullet needs to be bitten. Strom Thurmond's voting record shows you that he stands with the powerful interests; the Pentagon and corporate concerns. When Pug Ravenel says that his priority legislation would be a bill to halt federal regs which would up costs, you have to wonder. This isn't the stuff of a social liberal, because the pursuit of justice will always cost somebody money, usually those who are making money off exploiting other people.

So who will bite the bullet? That's the real question in this new fad of fiscal restraint. It also might reveal the contrasts, or — can it be so? — the similarities between our two Senatorial candidates.

$$$

A terrifying vision of the city

Through the black heart of Columbia and beyond

by Perry Tannenbaum

To fall in love with Columbia heart and soul, a citizen must strive to gain an appreciation of the subtleties, the intriguing nuances of seediness and urban blight. Many people are born with this gift. They may be observed strolling contentedly, shopping bags in hand, in and out of our downtown sotres. Except on Sundays.

But how do you teach love of Columbia to the stranger, to everyday Americans raised in our country's fertile heartland or in our teeming northern cities?

Some of these hapless creatures are no doubt holed up at this very moment in the upper reaches of the garish Carolina Inn. A few more may find themselves in the Downtown Holiday Inn (formerly The Sheraton), or in the more homely confines of The Heart of Columbia Motel.

The symptoms are easily recognizable. Victim is laughing manically. Or: victim is staring blankly through a game show on a color TV set, stunned into utter silence.

Diagnosis: acute culture shock. It is obvious that all these people have driven into Columbia by way of Assembly Street.

We all have to face the harrowing spiritual lesson of Assembly Street in one form or another. Sometimes, it's best to have a guru along.

The trembline novice is whisked past the old railroad station, across the nerve-rattling rows of railroad tracks, past the fluorescent Biltmore dairy cow and the Po' Boy Speed Shop. The State Fairgrounds come into view where, presumably because so many Carolinians *assemble* there each October, Assembly Street abruptly changes its name to Stadium Road. Rounding the infield, the journey ends at the site of Columbia's most popular cultural attraction — third-rate college football.

This is Williams-Brice Stadium, home of the Fighting Gamecocks.

On her second visit to Columbia, my mother-in-law blurted out a confession. She said she didn't realize we *did* things like that anymore. Sometimes, our Gamecocks require a separate explanation.

Once that is out of the way, the guru points to the west end of the Stadium. Chiselled stone and majestically arching steel girders over sturdy concrete. The guru points to the east. Corrugated aluminum siding and rotting wooden bleachers.

It's a basic lesson in incongruity. All things in life do not make perfect, logical sense. Things happen which are a total mockery of rational thought. But they exist.

When the Gamecocks come lurching onto the huge green carpet, eager to treat their opponents on the gridiron to victory, the crowd is always there cheering, and the game is played. Williams-Brice Stadium is perfectly functional.

So is Assembly Street. Massive urban superstructures — The Coliseum and the glassy U.S. Post Office — stand solemnly, flanking such monuments to provincial seediness as Cromer's P-Nuts ("Guaranteed Worst in Town") and that ultimate testament to shabbiness, Rivkin's Paint, Hardware, & Stove Parts.

The grungy Phoenix Cafe nestles close to the slick new parking ramps at Davison's and Washington Plaza. Strom Thurmond Federal Building and Court House looks down from an eminence on a row of pawn shops. And the last stretch of Assembly Street is a tree-shaded concourse terminating at a used-car lot that faces three filling stations, one of which was recently converted to sell Aquarian pools.

Loving Assembly Street takes time, patience, and an unusual aptitude for mindless surrender. *Pilgrimages* to an adult bookstore may prove useful. A sampling of the sexual mores at the De Soto Hotel can also be recommended.

Once you've digested the phenomenon of Assembly Street, there's little else in Columbia that can faze you. But gentler theorists of education believe that Assembly Street is the *last* thing you want to show a stranger.

When my mother-in-law visits us via Amtrak, for example, she receives a pleasant impression of our city from the vantage point of Gervais Street. Not far from the quaint station, our most elegant station crosses the murky waters of the Congaree. Closer still are two shrines of gritty American mercantilism, the burnt-out looking warehouse of Morris Furniture Distributors and the exquisite Wholesale Tire & Battery, whose shabbiness rivals Rivkin's

An interesting array of furniture stores, antique shops and the Home of Adluh Flour. After a few blocks, the first thing my mother-in-law comments on is the cleanliness of this street, which far surpasses the sidewalks of New York.

And of course, there *is* an undeniable charm to urban blight when it is well-manicured. We tend to place deep trust in *those* amiable merchants who have struggled 40 years to keep their modest ramshackle enterprises afloat. Especially if they have regular grooming habits.

Proceeding along Gervais to the vicinity of Harden Street, something similar occurs. Tourists are apt to describe our best preserved ghetto as clean and picturesque. Ethnically pure.

Our renovated Main Street was specifically designed to overwhelm visitors with its beauty. For the most part, it succeeds. The evenly spaced trees, the flowery street medians, the snazzy crosswalks, and the 20 story floodlights with their coppery nighttime glow, are all more noticeable than the increasing number of abandoned storefronts. You wouldn't think, at first glance, that the merchants of this jolly little district are commercially desperate.

And really, the shopping climate is ideal. Except around

Christmas, no hordes of customers compete with you for a sales clerk's attention. The modest selection of clothing and merchandise is more comprehensible than the mind-boggling variety you find in big cities.

Yanks find the change refreshing. Columbia's relative lack of industrialization allows them to walk outside into the sunshine, look at the air, and see straight through it. The stuff's almost good enough to breathe.

No introduction to Columbia is complete without a ride along Two Notch Road. Further enlightenment is possible if you begin this little spin at the southeast corner of town, on Garner's Ferry Road, known to natives as the Sumter Hahway.

You pass between the imposing VA Hospital and the slovenly Cedar Terrace Shopping Center. The new Woodhill Mall soon appears on your left, and you begin a sylvan descent that climaxes in one of Columbia's most unforgettable sights.

Your eyes are immediately drawn past the Western Auto on your right to an amazing clutter of signs: K-Mart Plaza, Hardee's Char-broil Burgers, Cedric's Fish & Chips, SCN Bank, and the Amoco oval. The obnoxious Jaws Seafood ablong impinges on your consciousness to the left as you peer down the boulevard toward the end of this vista, the bright orange-and-blue cottage of Internation House of Pancakes.

Nothing else in Columbia matches this vibrant, spectacular ugliness.

Veering left on Devine Street, the commercial clutter goes on. Every business on this side of town seems to be thriving. Army dollars from nearby Fort Jackson clog the cash registers.

More trees appear on the right. August mansions gaze benignly across the traffic at the local Piggly Wiggly market and the futuristic Mobil station. Getting past the white brick garden walls and through the wrought iron gates, lying almost naked at the side of one of those dreamy, kidney-shaped pools — that's what American life is all about. We all know it.

Bearing right on Millwood Avenue, it's a short drive from the rich white ghetto to the black ghetto where, as the bureaucrats say, the less-affluent live. Along the route, there are noteworthy examples of how the rich communicate with the poor. A rash of political campaign headquarters, ad agencies and a televisions station.

When Millwood Avenue transforms itself into Two Notch Road, the eyes of Columbia-lovers begin to dilate — their mouths begin to water. Assembly Street and Gervais may offer the connoisseur our choicest *hors d'oeuvres* of seediness, but Two Notch Road is unquestionably the main course.

It goes on for miles. Car washes, laundries, bait stores, abandoned filling stations, fish and chicken huts, home and office furnishings, greasy auto repair garages, motorcycle shops, a Chateau and a Chalet of adult books and used - car lots lit up like Christmas trees. Motels with absurd tropical landscaping so they can charge you a couple of bucks extra, and others which lie sullenly at the side of the road, barking take it or leave it.

This is private American enterprise. The dimmed dreams of riches, the frantic skirmishes to survive.

The atmosphere is carnival. Everything seems to have been hastily set up since the Second World War, sometimes to be demolished and built up again in another garish get-rich scheme. All along this endless strip the message is *SPEND*. The confident beckoning of obstreperous youth and the decrepit grasping of confirmed failure.

Furniture World captures the ambiance best. Their big annual sale is always staged in a tent. Then there's the new Zoom Flume water toboggan, which is true carnival. At the Grand Opening a couple of Sundays back, there were more natives zooming, fluming and simply watching than you could find downtown in a month of Sundays.

but for the most part, the traffic speeds by, cruelly indifferent. No bustle of business. Success goes to the burger and steak franchises, to the new car showrooms. The Pulliam Ford building, in fact, comes dangerously close to respectable architecture. Bright carney pennants over the outside lots help this establishment blend in the milieu.

A Columbia vista

Two spectacles are especially poignant to Columbiaphiles. First, there's the massively homely Westside Ice and Fuel Company. This pathetic structure is not located on the west side of town, as you might think. No, it's simply on the west side of the street.

Dearest of all perhaps is Dealer Watkins. On the northwest corner of Two Notch and Belt Line Boulevard, you can watch Dealer standing for hours calling out his wares, or sitting morosely on his little stool. Maybe some driver, hungry, thirsty, or the victim of some non-fatal accident, will break out of the eternal trance of traffic and buy a candy apple, a bag of peanuts or a snow-ball from Dealer's meager stock. I've never seen it happen myself.

"Quitters never win." So I heard recently from the young pro wrestler, Wildfire Tommy Rich. "And," he added, "winner never quit." Watkins is a phenomenon all home-

(Continued on Page 14)

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Eating in the funky city

by Dan Lackey

Up from decrepitude

I think it can be safely said, with no hard feelings all around, by those of us who regularly patronize the place, that George Michael, former proprietor of what used to be Scrooge's Bar and Deli on Main Street, simply let the joint go to pot. Michael bought the place last summer from the Abdalla brothers, Al and Ray, who had opened fresh in December of 1975. (Their father, Eli Abdalla, has owned and operated the adjoining liquor store for more than thirty years.)

Scrooge's, now named Wendy Ethel's, after its new proprietress, is located roughly between two downtown landmarks-of-commerce-The Capitol Newstand and the Capitol Cafe. The bulk of Wendy's is a smartly pannelled rectangular space with a big custom-made oakwood bar and about a half-dozen thickly and cleanly varnished plywood booths. At the rear, off to the left, is a rarely used over-flow space with some tables and chairs, a Foosball game and a pin-ball machine.

Wendy Ethel, who wouldn't mind making her million with a long-lease warehouse filled with assorted mechanical amusements, shall in time turn this haphazard cubicle into a nifty little game room. (I forgot to ask, but a customer-signed petition for a pool table has apparently — and wisely — been vetoed.)

Wendy and her husband, Richard, bought the place last spring, and at the end of March set up bar-and-deli-keeping in what was left of Scrooge's Bar and Deli. Though the place was sorely in need of a bath, the shambles was not so much physical as psychological.

In the month's of Michael's short tenure, what should have been a thriving neo-neighborhood bar and quick-clean-relaxed-and-sumptuous lunch spot turned into a mere watering trough, a cavity of a cafe. Michael's best bar and kitchen help and been fired or had defected to greener employment pastures, and in a last ditch effort to cut costs and give the place some crusty class and human warmth, Michael brought in his Mom, a truly charming lady who did her best to give the swiftest and most sincere service possible.

Nothing, however, could make up for the dereliction of her son, the ersatz restaraunteur. Cokes became more watery, sandwiches more shoddy, and one's favorite brand of beer was invariably in short supply. On many a week-day afternoon, Mrs. Michael, George and his friend, ex-USC basketball star Tom Reicher, could be seen by the bar at their lonesome, watching the five o'clock re-run of "Gunsmoke".

Michael, a street-shrewd New Yorker of Lebanese descent, took over Scrooge's with a kind of unctous gusto. He did do two very tasteful and thoughtful things. First, he decorated the pannelled walls with framed reproductions of famous front-page news stories — end of WWII, Kennedy's assassination, the spectacular end of John Dillinger and so on. Next, he provided up-to-date-issues of current magazines, which he spread generously across the bar. But a certain aesthetic lust for the buck belied his efforts to spruce up the decor.

Many small businesses, usually food places, carry on the tradition or custom of tacking or framing to the wall "the first dollar ever spent here". George Michael perverted the custom: He continually requested symbollic bucks from friendly customers, Scotch-taping up one after the other, so that by the time he was about to leave Scrooge's there was a green rash of grimy ones all over the wall behind the bar — a real fiscal fungus.

So enter Wendy Ethel, ex-kindergarten teacher, a hefty, beautiful, dark-haired girl in a bright spring dress, as welcome as the warm April breeze. It would be an out-dated understatement to say that Wendy brought to old Scrooge's a feminine touch; and it might also be wrong. What she's brought is the casual touch of an antique buff. Every few weeks or so an interesting object appears in its place, as if its been there forever. For starters, Wendy banished the pinball machine to the over-flow room and replaced it with a handsome oak altar table (culled from storage), which she uses for a waitress station. It instantly gave the bar a sacramental whole-earth touch.

Next, the modern calculator

(Continued on Page 13)

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by Mark Medoff
Directed by David Cohen

The Importance of Being Earnest
by Oscar Wilde
Directed by James Patterson

The Prisoner of Second Avenue
by Neil Simon
Directed by Jem Graves

Settings Designed by Dan Proett
Costumes Supervised by Hinda Schreiber
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Technical Direction by Elbin Cleveland
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James Patterson
Production Stage Manager
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Producing Director Patti Gillespie

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Donna Conrad
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Rebecca Howze
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and

Steven Dye
Jennifer Seaquist
Don Surrett

Produced by the Department of Theatre and Speech

Reviews & the Arts

DANCE SPOLETO

Ballets Felix Blaska — Photo by Peter Sanders

by Leslie Blachman
Dance Editor

Anthropologists, who study human behavior in other cultures, have for some time recognized the dance as a medium which holds rich cultural clues to life in a society. Those attending Spoleto dance activities in Charleston this year had ample opportunity to make this discovery for themselves, which such widely varying performances as the Phe Zulu Theatre from South Africa and Ballets Felix Blaska from France. The dance and the dancer are both shaped in a cultural context. Thus, a glimpse into Zulu culture and rich insights into European and American cultures were a special benefit for Spoleto dance audiences.

One of the most talked about activities at Spoleto was the Phe Zulu Theatre Company--performing Welcome Msomi's production of "Macbeth" ("Umabatha"). The Company consists of around 40 dancers, musicians, actors and singers doing, not the Shakespeare play, but an original drama written by Welcome Msomi and based on an historic Zulu tale that parallels the classic.

Msomi provided characters and happenings, familiar enough to Western audiences--kings, witches (who do not do black magic, but rather predict the future) and assassinations; but it seemed that these familiar items, including Shakespearean monologues and dialogues, were primarily drawing cards to offer Western audiences something to recognize, to identify with. The essence of the production came through the many other aspects of the drama, not so recognizable to Americans, and noticeably too foreign for some Charlestonians to appreciate.

For the essence of Msomi's "Macbeth" was in the vibrations of a South African drum, the naturally free rolling movement of fleshy women's bodies and the pounding strength of the male warriors' dance. This production was Zulu through and through. In observing, audiences had a chance to absorb Zulu culture, conveyed with a life-spirit at every moment.

For the most part, "Umabatha" had continuity. The Zulu tale as mainstay was told with directness. Speaking voices were strong and pleasing in tone. But the life of the performance (especially for those who couldn't understand Zulu) came through the other dimensions of the production; the music and the dance.

The music consisted of African drums and human voices singing traditional Zulu songs, as well as some written by Welcome Msomi expressly for "Umabatha". All music was live and supplemented at times (depending on the action of the story) with whistling, sighing, crying and screaching. It is typical for Zulus to give vent to the emotions they feel in these ways.

The dance was tribal and ceremonial, performed by groups of women or men, both as strong sense of togetherness. Dancing always featured in relation to some significant happening, such as with the impressive funeral rite in Act I. Women's and men's dancing greatly differed in style. The women excelled in complete knowledge of, and freedom with, sensual body movement. They expressed a genuine enjoyment in doing their dance, with smiles and laughs clearly transmitted to the audience. Zulu men's dances were very different. Often in warrior dress, shields and all, the men showed expertise with precise, strong sharp movements, done to beholding drum rhythm. Great power was felt in this solid construction of rhythmic sound and dancers. It was common during the male warriors [illegible] for a fury to build, [illegible] a powerful Zulu style [illegible]ler drill".

[illegible]hlight of the men's [illegible]was their complete [illegible] and concentration [illegible]g in a unity of [illegible]t among them--not thing considering the [illegible]nd force with which [illegible]ved.

[illegible]ng was of the simplest [illegible]vet beautiful and [illegible]. Each scene had a [illegible] color tone flashed on [illegible]kdrop. Hues were [illegible] covering a range [illegible]ght red to blue to [illegible]olors were chosen for [illegible]neanings in Zulu [illegible]for example, red, the [illegible]resenting death to the [illegible]was used as the [illegible]p shade for the funeral [illegible]the end of Act I.

Costumes were ceremonial--[illegible]nd brief; they were [illegible] cloth, animal pelts [illegible]l. with bead acces-[illegible]Phillip Msomi, artistic [illegible], deserves much credit [illegible]contribution on this [illegible]mabatha" proved to be [illegible]g theatre providing [illegible]into Zulu culture as

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[illegible]s Felix Blaska was [illegible]ifferent. The Blaska [illegible] newly formed, based [illegible]ce, and consists of [illegible]complished dancers [illegible]ivers dance back-[illegible]s--ballet, modern, [illegible]n and American [illegible]es. Blaska's work [illegible] acclaimed in Europe [illegible] time. He himself is [illegible]mmersed in the [illegible] as its director, main [illegible]apher and dancer.

[illegible] dancers in Program [illegible]e exciting. They [illegible]l a sense of purpose [illegible]ncing and working [illegible]. and a terrific energy [illegible]f space in their dance, [illegible]strated in the force [illegible]durance they demon-[illegible]in their first piece, [illegible]ire Du Soldat".

That they are in great shape [illegible]e had good training is [illegible] Sometimes, their [illegible] had an abstract [illegible]s, carried to such an [illegible]at the dancers did not [illegible]e real people, which [illegible]ve been the intent. [illegible]peared as dancers, not [illegible]le dancing.

[illegible]here was a message [illegible]ntained in the Blaska [illegible]graphy were real [illegible]issues and values [illegible] in Europe and [illegible]n, which explain [illegible] the abstract coldness [illegible] dancer's style--our [illegible]e aloneness (and [illegible] at times), alienation, [illegible] humanization of relationships and the subtle [illegible]ne sexes relate, or don't [illegible]There was depth and [illegible]ng to the Blaska [illegible]graphy, not always [illegible] interpret. Conver-[illegible]between dancers and [illegible] audience were [illegible]g, but in French, [illegible] didn't help most [illegible]s understanding. The [illegible]provided the aesthetic [illegible]ce, which happened to [illegible]ocial meaning and [illegible]nce; it was up to us to [illegible]n any way we could, as [illegible]s we could without [illegible]elp. This was the [illegible]one, in places. This [illegible]ntrasted with a warm, [illegible]ne in the first part of [illegible]ire" where a real [illegible]of dancer and person-[illegible]was seen, resulting in a [illegible] experience for the audience.

The company is avant-garde in its blend of modern dance, conversations with the audience and startling effects, as illustrated in their second piece, "Tu Es Cela". In one scene, one of the dancers was trapped in a white sticky looking web-cocoon type structure, from which he never escaped in spite of continuous movement. "Tu Es Cela" included a concern with the spiritual dimension, intimately set to the music of the world's religions with the message that we all share the quest for release from the pain of our daily lives, the quest for the soul to fly.

Blaska's social and existential concerns hit clean, as did his dancers, for a performance well worth seeing.

A third dance event occured as a part of the Janacek Celebration, in honor of the work of the Czech composer Leos Janecek. The Janacek Ballet Gala offered seven different groups performing various dance forms, from folk to modern. The dance was to Janecek music, with choreography reflecting the dominant themes on which Janecek based his music. Choreography appeared more bound to Janecek's psyche, than to particular culture and did not offer the clear cut cultural clues of the Zulu dance. Here was dance, expressing the moods and life of the man, plus the flair which individual choreographers, such as Kathryn Posin, Edward Villella and Jiri Kylian, added.

The afternoon program proved too long and plagued with mediocrity. There were three exceptions worth mentioning. The Kathryn Posin Dance Company performed "Youth" with all the energy, humor and intricacies of life. Ms. Posin's

(Continued On Page 22)

Jazz at Spoleto

The greats played second fiddle to the picnic

by Kathleen Saussy

At an art festival where the background music sounds baroque and the setting looks like a movie set, the opening jazz performance added a twentieth century American element to the musical spectrum. The Seabrook Island Jazz Picnic presented a large variety of musical styles. Duke Ellington once said, "I don't think any music should be called jazz. I don't believe in categories. Years ago, uptown, I tried to get the cats to call it American Negro music, because jazz just isn't right. Louis Armstrong plays Louis Armstrong music, Art Tatum plays Art Tatum music, Dizzy Gillespie plays Dizzy Gillespie music and if it sounds good, that's all you need."

The North Texas State University One O'Clock Lab Jazz Band sounded even better than good. They won a Grammy nomination this year, and are generally recognized as one of the world's most outstanding jazz bands. Leon Breeden directed them in several big band arrangements opening the afternoon program, and their brass section was outstanding. While they played, the spectators were settling in on the lush grass of the Seabrook Island Golf Course, setting up their coolers, spreading out their quilts and Oriental rugs, opening up their wicker picnic baskets, oiling their already tan bodies and arranging their well-made skirts.

Meanwhile, under the green and ivory striped tent, Slam Stewart and Bucky Pizzarelli were gearing up for "Flat Foot Floozie with the Floy Floy." Stewart is one of the best bass fiddle players in the jazz world, and the audience loved his dancing as he played almost as much as they enjoyed his playing. He pulled back to let partner Pizzarelli solo on his seven string guitar, and after the long applause they encored with "Play Fiddle Play."

Stewart the showman, with his charisma and dramatic sense of timing, said, "Now, we're gonna git a little classical on you; we'll pretend we have a symphony orchestra right here behind us." So he picked up his bow and accompanied himself with bah bah pa ddo bah vocals, while Pizzarelli chimed in.

As he moved down the neck of the fiddle, he paused between notes for effect, and it worked; the excitement was building. A man in a leisure suit and leisure tan yelled, "You can't do it!" Slam paused, looked over at him, grinned, moved his hand within an inch of the bridge, and bowed it perfectly. His fans were with him all the way and let him know with shouts and applause.

The popular duo were followed by Andrea Dupree and the Etceteras, a Charleston group which debuted last year at Spoleto. The One O'Clock Band backed them up on their version of Streisand's finale from "A Star is Born." Dupree showed off her rich voice and the One O'Clock Band showed its versatility in the heavy-on-percussion arrangement of the almost-rock tunes. I wondered about including Streisand tunes at a jazz concert, but then remembered what the Duke had said.

By the time emcee Bill Moore was introducing Joe Williams as "the greatest blues singer in the world," there seemed to be more picnic than jazz. The real fans had crowded up to the stage among the pots of chrysanthemums, among the smells of coconut in suntan oil, sweat, beer and the raw lumber aroma of the newly constructed stage.

Williams lived up to his introduction, and got the kind of response from the spectators that one experiences at the best jazz concerts, when there is that special rapport between artist and listener, drawing the best from both. For jazz musicians it is as necessary as the music, and makes the difference between a mere repetition of the notes and an inspired freewheeling improvisation responding to the ambiance and emotion of the moment.

Williams opened with "You Don't Love Me and I Don't Even Care," and his listeners were getting into it, and he sang, "I drink to keep from worryin', smile to keep from cryin' all the time," and they responded with "Yeah! Yeah!" and "Sing it, Joe!" The One O'Clock Band was behind him, with outstanding performances from the bass player, drummer and pianist. Wiliams announced "My Old Man's Liver Just Won't Quiver Anymore," Frank Hunter's fast-paced arrangement of "Old Man River." By this time the crowd around the stage had been joined by two foot-tapping, hand-clapping security guards. We shouted for encore after encore, but Clark Terry was waiting in the wings, so instead of an encore Williams gave us two homilies to take home, "Those who seek the harmony of life rather than the discord inherit the kingdom of love," and "hate is too important an emotion to waste on somebody you don't even like."

Bill Moore bounced back out on stage and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, you are lucky mothers here today — here are Clark Terry and the Jolly Giants!" Moore's actions and words all ended with exclamation points. We were indeed lucky, but a lot of people there were not aware of it. The crowd around the stage thinned out, and people were in various stages of intoxication and heat prostration.

One young photographer was so desperate he had a friend slice off his jeans at the thigh with a pocket knife. He sliced the man's leg too, but just wiped the blood off with his hand and rinsed it with Michelob.

The magnificent Clark Terry had become the background music for a garden party. It was unfortunate, because he is one of the towering figures in American music. He played eight years with Duke Ellington, and has played with musicians like Count Basie in places like Newport. When asked about his style, he said, "I just do my thing, as the kids say — I been doin' it for forty years. I'll just keep on 'til I get it right."

"His thing" that Saturday afternoon at Spoleto was mellow; none of the "hard bop" sound that a jazz critic once associated him with. The Jolly Giants performed beautiful solos too, especialy Hilton Ruiz on piano and Chris Woods on sax. Vic Sporles played bass and Ed Soph is their drummer. In that group of excellent tunes, "Canadian Sunset" was outstanding, a classic example of bass and drums meshing perfectly to hold the melody together the way thread binds a shirt.

With such excellent performances the jazz picnic was a real treat for jazz fans. It is unfortunate that so many spectators were more interested in the picnic than in the jazz.

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The festival's country cousins

Fancy fiddlin' but little foot-tapping

by Kathleen Saussy

In Spoleto's three weeks of European art forms like ballet, opera, chamber music and drama, in French, Italian, Zulu, and English, the excellent country music was a refreshing contrast. A clear spot in Magnolia Gardens on the Ashley was the site of the Sunday afternoon concert for a small, quiet audience; country music at Spoleto was not very well attended.

"Country" might be a misnomer for Martin, Bogan and Armstrong. The trio were among the original members of the Four Keys String Band formed in Huntingdon, West Virginia, in 1931, and they reunited in 1970 to form probably the only early black string band performing today. They play jazz, blues, swing, ragtime, country and old popular songs.

Howard Armstrong is composer and fiddler, Carl Martin plays, the mandolin and Ted Bogan, A Spartanburg native, plays guitar.

They opened with their theme song, "Lady Be Good," played in Dixieland style. Their program was as varied as the styles of music that have been popular throughout their almost 50 years as musicians, from an old popular song (remember "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi?") to a composition by Armstrong sung in Hawaiian. Their commentary between songs made the transitions easy, like this introduction to "Sweet Georgia Brown": "I wouldn't talk about a wet dog the way he's gonna talk about this gal."

For their finale they said, "We're gonna try to wake you up a little here, ladies and gentlemen..." And "Cut Down the Old Pine Tree" did wake them up a little, enough to start tapping feet, clapping hands, keeping time. Armstrong put everything he had into that last number sawing on his fiddle like the saw on that old pine tree, leaning into it, twisting his body with each saw of the bow, like a limbo dancer.

During the break between them and the Canadian group Maple Sugar, I listened to the crowd. There was a British couple on a wool tartan blanket, where the woman was sunning herself; "I just can't couple of ver pale Chicatan!" And on my right were a couple of very pale Chicagoans who thought they would take a bag of Spanish moss home to sell in their chain of gift shops.

Maple Sugar played folk songs as diverse as the people in the crowd, as diverse as the cultural influences in Canada. Banjo player James Gordon's clear tenor was perfect for *a cappella* Irish folk songs. He explained, "They were so poor they didn't have instruments, so I'll do without one, too." He and Dorothy Hogan, guitarist, harmnonized on several ballads in English and French, the French with quebecois accents,accompanied by Graham Townsend's masterful fiddling.

Townsend, five times international fiddling champion, joined Maple Sugar last year. He demonstrated his champion's technique in his solo piece, "Reet des Pendus" ("Reel of the Hanged Men"), and told the folk tale of its origin; A man was sentenced to hang for murder, and when the executioners led him out to the tree on his horse, there was a fiddle leaning against the tree. They told him they would let him go if he fiddled a good tune, so he picked up the fiddle and played for his life. The executioners liked it so much they hanged the horse instead.

While Townsend fiddled he kept time with his left heel and tapped rhythms with his right toe, rhythms picked up by the special foot mike.

The foot mike was for Gina and Donnie Gilchrist, the father and daughter stepdancing team with Maple Sugar. Donnie Gilchrist is called the father of stepdancing in the Ottawa Valley; he was responsible for reviving the old art form, a composite of folk dancing styles from the Irish, Scottish and French immigrants and the Iroquois, Mohawk and Algonquin natives. Stepdancing was popular in the logging camps during the nineteenth century and is becoming as popular there now as clogging is in the South.

Gina, a student at the University of Ottawa, told me that even though the two styles of dance are similar, stepdancing gives the dancer greater opportunity to improvise because the music is much slower. The dancer is free to add all the elements that make stepdancing unique: raised knees with turned out feet from the Scots, stomps from the Indian, and shuffles that might have been borrowed from Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Gina and her father wore long red and yellow fringed sashes, which she said symbolize French Canada, since they were worn by the *coureurs de bois*, the woods runners, who coated them with beeswax to carry hunting implements.

Her father led the dancing, wheeling and shuffling and stomping and jumping and double-timing around Townsend and the rest of the band. When the applause had died down, he was catching his breath and called to Gina, "Come out here and roll my baby . . .I'm just stalling for time, folks, I'm nearly 58 years old, father of seven . . . I've worked in the lumber camps . ." He trailed off still panting for breath. When he and Gina danced together, you could see his age in his feet, slower than hers. But he has the stage presence born of long experience, dramatic flair and a unique way of addressing the audience with his body.

He is absolutely a three dimensional dancer,conscious of all the space around him and filling it up with great skill in turns and kicks from Scottish sword dancing and Irish jigs.

Gina's footwork is outstanding; fast, intricate and energetic, in her black tap shoes under her jeans, but she remains static above the waist. And when Donnie promised us dancing "Southern style," he crossed himself, looked piously at the sky, and went into double time clogging. The crowd yelled approval. Now, *that* was dancing!

The Gilchrists' dancing and Townsend's fiddling inspired two women to clog on their quilt, the only cloggers of the afternoon. In contrast to most country music audiences, this one was as slack as a loose quitar string. Perhaps they were from far across the Mason Dixon line, like the Chicago couple, and were looking at an example of local color like it was in a museum, with no idea that they could participate. Perhaps they had seen too many chamber music concerts and too many operas and had been too quiet all weekend to be able to let go and holler. Maybe it was just the heat and lack of beer on a blue Sunday.

But it was still an afternoon of excellent American--the Canadians call themselves American, too--music and dance.

vision

(Continued From Page 9)

grown Columbians can feel a special kinship for: the *loser* who never quits.

Dealer personifies the commercial city Columbia - lovers adore. But the drive up Two Notch doesn't end here. Lurking further up the road is a force that threatens to change the entire face of our city. Threatens to upset that delicate balance between delapidated seediness and flimsy jerry-building which gives Columbia its special tang.

On old road maps of Columbia there's an empty space where cartographers found it convenient to put the name of Dentsville. This huge block of landscape has been smoothed over and paved. There's enough room to safely land a DC-3, but it isn't an airport. A huge brick building stands in the center, but it isn't a fortress. Tall green cupolas peer out the sides, but it isn't an alien spaceship.

This is Columbia's rendezvous with destiny — the force that threatens to homogenize Columbia with the rest of America.

This is THE MALL.

To be continued...

Read the "who, what, where and when" of the primaries somewhere else.
Read the "why" and "how" next week in Osceola

Creating 'Umabatha'

by Leslie Blachman
Dance Editor

The Phe Zulu Theatre Company

Photo by Peter Sanders

I attended an afternoon performance of the Msomi brothers "Umabatha" (Macbeth) at the Spoleto Festival, and later was part of a small group waiting in a lounge in the Charleston Mill Hyatt House for an interview with their press agent. I had requested an interview with Welcome and Phillip Msomi at the Festival Press Office, but was informed that they would be too tired to appear, due to their heavy rehearsal and performance schedule. When the Msomi brothers arrived along with their press agent, we were all surprised and pleased.

We spent a few minutes at introductions and getting comfortable. The mood was relaxed and our so-called interview developed into a warm exchange. Welcome was asked how he and the group got started. He told us that there is an old Zulu custom of people getting together around a campfire for storytelling and mime, depicting Zulu life and history. In the same tradidtion, he had begun some years back with small, simple productions taken to the people; these were based on true stories from Zulu history, as well as on current happenings. One example Welcome gave of such a current life theme was the experience of a Zulu moving from the country to the city. He has used this as the focus of small production. He feels that "Umabatha" is just a larger version of what he has already done in the past. With "Umabatha," he and his brother have put together some Zulu culture to bring to their own people, and to others--which he feels is what Zulus have always done informally.

I wanted to know why he chose "Macbeth" to express Zulu culture, and if there wasn't an incident in Zulu history which paralleled the Macbeth tale. He said that "Macbeth" was the perfect choice, because there was a parallel incident in Zulu history. This way he felt that Zulus and those from other cultures could understand what he was trying to express. He felt that with the parallel between the two stories, certain characters or themes--such as kings, witches (diviners for Zulus, predicting the future), and assassinations--could be comprehended. He wished "Macbeth" to be the vehicle, through which Zulu culture could be presented to "the outside world." Welcome and Phillip reflected a strong commitment to Zulu people being reminded of their own history and culture, and having others understand their people through their production.

The brothers were asked if the people in the production were professionals or normal people performing songs and dances which they had grown up doing. Welcome said that his cast did have a lifetime familiarity with much of the music and dance, but that since 1974, they were performing as professionals. At that time, the company had tightened up, discipline-wise, going to a professional schedule of rehearsals; he added that the discipline imposed was not easy for his people. He laughed about the time factor, for one thing, and the issue of starting rehearsals on time. He explained that Zulus were traditionally very relaxed about time. If a Zulu said he would arrive around sundown, that meant he would arrive anytime between 1 p.m. and 6 p.m. But the shift had come, and Welcome described his cast as both "natural" and fully professional.

What about the music in "Umabatha"? Welcome told us that some of the songs are traditional, while others he wrote for the production. He elaborated on how he writes music. He has feelings regarding Zulu life, with the music springing from within him. He creates spontaneously, and someone else writes down the notes. The music he uses in the show is sung live by the cast, on stage and in the wings. Drums are played as well. Welcome and Phillip spoke of their commitment to keeping their music live, and not going to taped recordings, even though Phillip acknowledged that the use of tapes would be tempting under some circumstances.

I asked if they had changed the production at all to suit foreign audiences. Welcome responded with a smile, saying that for some time after the creation of "Umabatha" he had made changes, working along with choreographer Daisy Dumakude, perfecting and polishing all the way. He made these changes because he himself was not satisfied.

"And the costuming, is it ceremonial?" "Yes," replied Phillip. Both brothers said that they would never kill an animal expressly for animal fur or pelts to be used in their costumes. Rather, they would use the pelt of an animal already killed for eating.

I asked the Msomi brothers if they would explain the wide use of gestures and sounds in "Umabatha". Facial expressions, hand gestures, whistling and click sounds prevailed. Welcome told us that Zulus are very expressive of their emotions and feel free to use a wide variety of gestures and sounds to express themselves. Welcome broke into some of the click sounds (part of the Zulu language) and gestures, explaining each as he went along. He wanted us to remember especially that Zulus are loud and free with their feelings. He contrasted Zulu free emotional expression with the typical European or American style of hushing up. He confirmed another comment--one made about humor and enjoyment seeming so natural to the cast. He described these two expressions as basic to Zulu life and well demonstrated in both acts. Phillip added that we were also seeing some good Zulu ad libbing, which the brothers believe there should always be room for in a performance.

Welcome brought the discussion around to an issue which no one had mentioned, but in which we were all interested--the political scene in their native South Africa. Specifically, Welcome told us that many had asked him how they had gotten out of the country, since this is rare situation for most South African blacks.

Welcome told us that they were not sponsored by the government, and that he did not have difficulty obtaining permission to perform abroad. Freedom to travel depends on how much you have, and having a passport. Welcome moved quickly to a discussion of his own purpose and how this relates to the political scene. He sees a great need for the education of his people, and for far greater understanding on the part of whites and blacks for the other's situation. He feels his "Umabatha" is contributing to both of these. He told us that much of the money he earns through his productions is donated to the funding of education for his people. There is the strong belief on his part that through greater "understanding, reasoning and education," better relations will follow. He sees his role as contributing to this educative process. He and his brother, who was quieter on the issues, are commited to "building bridges" through education, and supporting effective black participation in bringing about change, which he says has definitely begun in South Africa. Welcome expressed patience with this kind of change.

The brothers were asked how they felt about coming to South Carolina. Welcome said that in spite of some warnings by friends at home about life in the southern U.S. (by people who had never been here), he was enjoying Charleston, the people and the experience. He is hoping that the company will have the chance to tour the United States next year.

It was late and we all had to stop, but there was the feeling that we could have gone on, and most of us wanted to.

Inside stories on the Democratic and Republican primaries, the Lt. Governor's race, the Senatorial primary and Jim Clyburn's bid in the June 22 edition.

OSCEOLA

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South Carolina Arts Commission

Cotton dust cop-out

The failure of conserva-liberal politics

(Continued From Page7)

would cost textile firms money to protect workers from crippling diseases. No one denies this. There is considerable dispute over how much it would cost, but agreement that it would cost something. The Brown Lung Association has been pushing for drastically improved ventilation and cleaning systems, while the industry wants simply to hand out face-masks to be worn at the worker's own discretion.

"S.C. OSHA inspections over the last five years have found, in 39 percent of the cases, dust levels in excess of the 1 mg./cubic foot allowable under current, temporary federal regulations."

Observers of the controversy report a serious lift in the Carter administration. Frank Blechman with the Brown Lung group says there are "lots of good people in OSHA now, people that Carter brought in." But there's also a cabal lead by domestic policy advisor Stu Eisenstadt and anti-inflation czar Robert Strauss that is concerned with costs above all else. These two groups are engaged in a classic conflict over new cotton dust standards.

When the White House Review Group pulled back the new regulations two weeks ago, people committed to the government's role in promoting industrial health reacted strongly. Labor Secretary Ray Marshall sent a tough memo to the President, and reportedly threatened to resign if the standards were gutted. Eula Bingham, head of OSHA, was reported also ready to leave the administration. They saw Schulze's action as a blatant sell-out to the textile industry; and a slap in the face to thousands of present and future brown lung victims.

The insidious thing about the disease, notes SCPIRG Executive Director Alex Kuzma, is that it renders the body susceptible to a range of other respritory ailments. It's not, he says, that workers suddenly keel over in the plant - though this has been known to happen - but that prolonged exposure to dust makes fragile, hacking wrecks of people. Last summer, as Eula Bingham listened to testimony from fifty sufferers of the disease, their words punctuated by heaving coughs and spoken in rasping voices, she wept.

"Last summer, as Eula Bingham listened to testimony from fifty sufferers of brown lung, their words punctuated by heaving coughs and spoken in rasping voices, she wept."

That's not your typical bureaucrat. That's one of the people the Carter administration has brought in.

To understand the brown lung issue you have to appreciate the long-term nature of the stuggle to get the government involved on behalf of the workers, as well as the recalcitrance of the industry. Despite notices 20 years ago that the disease was connected to cotton dust (Textile World, March, 1940 carried an article entitled "Card-Room Fever: Strict control of dust will eliminate hazard from low-grade cotton.") the industry denied into the seventies that it was a problem. Thus Sen. John Tower, R-Texas, tried to exempt cotton dust from OSHA's target hazards in 1972. Legislation he sponsored to remove cotton dust from regulation failed to pass into law, but was supported by industry lobbying groups claiming that dust should not really be considered a health hazard.

The Nixon tenure were the nightmare years. No progress was made toward controlling dust as an explicit part of Nixon's "southern strategy." (Roger Milliken, the reclusive president of the giant Deering-Milliken textile firm in Spartanburg, personally delivered $360,000 to Nixon campaign treasurer Maurice Stans in 1972. The delivery was made just hours before a new law requiring public disclosure of such donations took effect.)

Meanwhile, the state OSHA came into being. Ed McGowan, longtime Democratic Party stalwart, was named Labor Commissioner with authority over state OSHA, and there was some hope that a local agency would prove more responsive than a distant Washington bureaucracy.

The record suggests a mixed bag. The health component of the department is ludicrously understaffed. OSHA can put only six trained health inspectors into the field, and these are on loan from the Department of Health and Environmental Control. That's six people to cover the entire state, and not just in the area of textile mill health; it includes construction sites, migrant camps and all sorts of factories. Federal OSHA reports suggest training in South Carolina is lax. Enforcement is lax. McGowan's likes to talk about "cooperating" with the business community. What that means is reduced fines, and two cases taken to court. SCPIRG documents cases of inspectors refusing to cite plants for admittedly excessive dust levels. In one truly startling instance, inspector David Cullum refused to cite the Kendall Company's Oakland Plant in Newberry after an October, 1976, inspection turned up levels in excess of 5 mg./cu. foot (five times the accepted level). Workers were not wearing respirators but Cullum claimed in his report that there was no medical proof of a link between high dust levels and brown lung disease! In other words, an inspector charged to enforce state and federal OSHA standards decided on his own that there was no need for any standards because there was really no health risk! Cullum now occupies an administrative position in S.C. OSHA.

Similarily, DHEC hygenist Merrell Garvin decided not to cite Mayfair Mills plants in Pickens with a violation after noting dust levels of 4 mg./cu. foot. Why? The plant manager assured Garvin that the levels were "unusually high" and didn't reflect normal working conditions. Garvin simply took the manager's word. This sort of "cooperation" with the industry shows through also in the area of enforcement: witness penalty reductions of $1000 to $600 then to $120 for M. Lowenstein and Sons in 1975, or a reduction from $192 to $100 for Arkwright Mills in 1976.

SCPIRG has called for the decertification of the state OSHA program, as has the Brown Lung Association. They cite inadequate health inspection personnel, inadequate inspections (federal OSHA inspections have turned up large differences in the numbers of serious violations they find compared with those the state finds. The first quarterly report for 1977 noted that in 7.5 per cent of the federal inspections in South Carolina found serious violations, while only .48 per cent of the state's examinations found serious violations. In other words, the state inspectors just aren't noticing the hazards) and weak enforcement of penalties.

The catch, though, is that the state program can't be formally invalidated until the federal standards against which it is being measured are firmly established; and these are currently under dispute in federal court. A law suit by the AFL-CIO has challenged federal OSHA's requirement that state programs operate "as effectively as" their own. Just what do those words mean? The suit is seeking to pin down the exact standards that must be met; which means that there is at present no legal guide against which to measure S.C. OSHA's performance. Bob Wendle, acting OSHA Director in the regional Atlantic office, says the court should rule soon on the precise meaning of "as effective as," but says there is no chance of decertifying the state program before then.

This has been a case study in the politics of an issue; an issue which means a great deal to thousands of working people in the state of South Carolina. The conflicting demands of industry and workers, and conflicting public policy priorities, have been seen in action. The conflict is between holding down costs to private industry and making a clear committment to industrial health; between a social liberalism which sees a role for government in protecting worker health and a fiscal conservatism which sees the main good as preserving private sector profitability. It is a real-life issue, and the marriage between the two philosophies is much harder to actualize than verbalize. Factions within the Carter administration are seeking to weaken the regulations in the name of fiscal integrity. Other factions are rejecting the sacrifice of human beings to economy. The outcome is still in doubt, but the real message of the struggle is clear: real-world situations don't lend themselves to appeasement very often. Choices have to be made, sides taken and interests either furthered or rejected; to keep down costs for the textile plants or enhance worker protection.

This new marrige of liberalism and conservatism is false and deceptive to the degree that it implies the possibility of reconciling opposed interests. Not all positions can be made to fit the golden mean. Where, then, do you come down? This is the question we should have asked Carter in 1976, and should be asking politicians adopting the conserva-liberal stance today.

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OSCEOLA NEWSWEEKLY

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36 - 40 words	3.51	6.10	8.86	11.23	13.86	16.42
41 - 45 words	3.95	6.88	9.96	12.64	15.62	18.47
46 - 50 words	4.39	7.65	11.07	14.04	17.82	20.57
51 - 55 words	4.82	8.59	12.15	15.44	19.04	22.57
56 - 60 words	5.27	9.16	13.26	16.85	20.79	24.62
61 - 65 words	5.71	9.94	14.39	18.25	22.55	26.73
66 - 70 words	6.15	10.69	15.50	19.66	24.30	28.78
71 - 75 words	6.58	11.45	16.58	21.06	25.97	

Legal Notices

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
Mildred F. Sweat,
Petitioner,
-vs-
Louis Thomas Sweat,
Respondent
IN THE FAMILY COURT FOR
THE FIFTH JUDICIAL
CIRCUIT
78 DR 401457
SUMMONS
TO THE RESPONDENT ABOVE NAMED:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the Petition in this action, a copy of which is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your Answer to the said Petition on the subscriber at his office, 1817 Pickens Street, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty (20) days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the Petition within the time aforesaid, the Petitioner in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Petition.

W. Rhett Eleazer
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina
This 23 day of May, 1978.
John R. T. Major
Clerk of Court

6/29

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
Mildred F. Sweat,
Petitioner,
-vs-
Louis Thomas Sweat,
Respondent.
IN THE FAMILY COURT FOR
THE FIFTH JUDICIAL
CIRCUIT
78 DR 401457
ORDER

AFTER READING THE AFFIDAVIT of W. Rhett Eleazer, Attorney for Petitioner herein, it is hereby

ORDERED that the Respondent, Louis Thomas Sweat, be served by publication, as authorized by Section 10-451 of the 1962 Code of Laws for South Carolina, and that a copy of the Summons be forthwith deposited in the mails, addressed to the last known address of the Respondent, or served upon the Respondent personally, if the same can be had, and that said publication shall be inserted in Osceola, a weekly newspaper of the County of Richland, State of South Carolina, not less than once a week for three (3) consecutive weeks.

John R. T. Major
C.C.C.P. & G.S. FOR
RICHLAND COUNTY
Columbia, South Carolina
This 7th day of June, 1978.
6/29

SUMMONS
State of South Carolina,
County of Richland.
In the Family Court
Sheryl Mae Blizzard McKinney,
Petitioner,
-vs-
James Gerald McKinney,
Respondent.

To the Respondent Above-named:

You are hereby sumoned and required to answer the Petition in this action, a copy of which is herewith attached, and to serve a copy of your Answer to the said Petition on the subscribers at their office, Lexington, South Carolina, WITHIN TWENTY DAYS after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of service; and if you fail to answer the Petition within the time aforesaid, the Petitioner in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Petition.

AMICK & BONNETTE,
Attorneys for Petitioner.
Lexington, S.C.
May 12, 1978.
6/29

NOTICE

To the Respondent Above-named:

Take notice that the Petition in this action, together with the Summons, was filed in the Office of the Clerk of Court for Richland County, South Carolina, on the 1st day of June, 1978.

AMICK & BONNETTE,
Attorneys for Petitioner.
Lexington, S.C.
June 5, 1978.
6/29

SUMMONS AND NOTICE
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT
DOCKET NO. 78-DR. 40-1256
Mary Ann Brelland,
Petitioner,
-vs-
Phillip Brelland,
Respondent.

TO: PHILLIP BRELLAND, RESPONDENT ABOVE:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the Petition for Divorce in this action, the original of which was filed in the Office of the Clerk of Court for Richland County, Columbia, South Carolina, on May 4, 1978.

You are also required to serve a copy of your Answer on the Petitioner's Attorney at 533-A Harden Street, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty (20) days after the service of this Summons, exclusive of the day of service. If you do not answer the Petition within this period of time, the Petitioner will ask the Court to grant the relief requested in her Petition.

Edna Smith Primus
Attorney for Petitioner

John R. T. Major
Clerk of Court
May 10, 1978.
Columbia, South Carolina.
6/29

SUMMONS
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE FAMILY COURT
Jenny Lynne W. Lloyd,
Petitioner,
vs
Billy Joseph Lloyd,
Respondent.

TO THE RESPONDENT ABOVE NAMED:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the Petition in this action, a copy of which is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your Answer to the said Petition on the Petitioner or her attorney, Daniel T. Stacey, at his office in Suite 1710, Bankers Trust Tower, Columbia, South Carolina, within twenty (20) days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the Petition within the time aforesaid, the Petitioner in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Petition.

Dated at Columbia, South Carolina, on the 15th day of May, 1978.

Daniel T. Stacey
Attorney for Petioner

John R.T. Major
Clerk of Court
Richland County Family Court

Columbia, South Carolina
May 15, 1978

NOTICE
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COUNTY OF RICHLAND
IN THE RICHLAND COUNTY
FAMILY COURT
Jenny Lynne W. Lloyd,
Petitioner
vs
Billy Joseph Lloyd,
Respondent.

TO THE ABOVE NAMED RESPONDENT:

YOU WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that the original Summons and Petition in the above entitled action was filed in the Office of the Clerk of the Richland County Family Court, Columbia, South Carolina, on the 15th day of May, 1978.

Daniel T. Stacey
Attorney for Petitioner
Columbia, South Carolina
25, May, 1978.
6/15 TB

9/6 bold
osceola

NOTICE OF LOST
STOCK CERTIFICATE

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that certificate #2 of the common stock of Capital Alarm, Inc. has been lost or destroyed. Application for a duplicate certificate will be made to Capital Alarm, Inc. on June 19, 1978, such date being more than three weeks from the first publication of this notice. Notice is further given that after two years from the date of issuance of the duplicate certificate the original certificate the original certificate shall be null and void. 6/15

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Dance

(Continued From Page 12)

choreography provided dancers with the opportunity to move freely. They delighted the audience. The dancers successfully merged rock, modern, jazz and ballet traditions with a minimal number of mistakes.

Edward Villella, Leslie Browne and Anna Aragno appeared late in the program and were, indeed, the featured billing. They did the World Premiere of "The Overgrown Path" choreographed by Villella himself and based on Janecek's memories of his dead daughter, Olga.

While the packed house seemed very pleased with their performance, those who knew the dance capacity of Villella and Browne felt cheated. The excerpt allowed little chance for the zestful, energetic Villella. Still, he was an amazingly smoothe male supporter and exhibited a physical confidence and movement through space which neared perfection. But he gave Spoleto audiences a mere fraction of what he could do. It seemed that choreography and dance were bound by the Janecek theme of melancholia and heaviness. There was a disappointment in seeing Villella so limited.

There was the same feeling to Leslie Browne's performance. After seeing her fly in the film "The Turning Point", she was earthbound in Charleston, though beautifully so. Her technique and line are exquisite.

The Netherlands Dance Theatre, last week's most talked about dance group in Charleston, was last on the program. The group doing the world premiere of "Sinifonietta" (choreographed by Jiri Kylian), proved to be the success of the afternoon. The subject of Janacek's "Sinfonietta" is freedom, a theme to which Kylian as choreographer, and his dancers with their technical and artistic skill responded.

The result was a strong and exhilarating performance--highlighted by constant movement, the fullest use of space, and a maximum push of the dancer's capacities for strong, broad movement with an energy that didn't quit. There was thunder to the music and dancers. In a real blend of classical and modern dance, the dancers--male and female--were strong and decisive.

The Netherlands' female dancers were remarkable for crushing the myth that the great female dancer need have a delicacy of style. There was no time or interest in delicacy, for their strength was their beauty.

In spite of speed, technique never failed, though there were moments when a lack of neatness, or clear distinction between movements was apparent. The audience thrilled to this performance, with a long standing ovation through four curtain calls.

The Netherlands group, along with the Phe Zulu Theatre and Ballets Felix Blaska, provided novel dance experiences for Spoleto audiences. In each, there was the creativity of the artistic experience, seen in the choreography, and in the dancer's styles. The international quality, underlying the entire Spoleto Festival, was at the art of the dance.

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